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# LIFE

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## THE AFFINITY OF CONTRAST.

**TOM CARTER** and I were just as different as could be, yet we were extremely fond of each other.

I liked most women in a way, but not closely, and I never made a confidant of one.

Tom, on the other hand, was very fond of them.

Perhaps that's why he liked me. There is much, they say, in the affinity of contrast.

We differed in many other respects. Tom smoked and I didn't; Tom took a nip occasionally, and I was strictly temperate; Tom was poor and I was rich; Tom swore sometimes and I never did; and Tom liked the club and I didn't.

Still, when there was any place to go we always went together, and we always had a good time.

He introduced me to all the women he knew, and never failed to tell them that I was the best fellow alive. I liked Tom and he liked me, and goodfellowship doesn't always last for a dozen years as mine and Tom's had.

People, our friends, used to say it was really remarkable, and outside of the books they couldn't cite a similar case, but Tom and I merely smiled and kept right on as we had been doing.

Surely it wasn't because we were alike.

Because we were so different.

It was the affinity of contrast, I am sure.

Tom was a man and I wasn't.

We had been married for a dozen years.

W. J. Lampton.

## BEFORE THE OPERATION.

**"ER—I** suppose, Doctor, there is some chance of saving him?"

"Absolutely none; he will die whether operated upon or not."

"Well, what are you doing it for then?"

"For \$350."

## A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

**W**HERE are you going? My pretty maid.

Into "Society," Sir, she said.

Well, I'll not marry you, My pretty maid.

You won't? then I'll sue you, Sir, she said.

## A NECESSARY TRIP.

**MISS NEWWOMAN:** I will have to go to the city to-morrow and make some purchases.

**MISS STRONGMIND:** Can't you get what you want here?

**MISS NEWWOMAN:** No, there isn't a gent's furnishing store in town.



"TOM, SHE GIV' ME THE MARBLE HEART, THE COLD SHAKE; THEM BALOOM SLEEVES IS TOO MUCH FOR HER. (*In a whisper*) I WANT YOU TO LET ME PULL YOUR SISTER 'ROUND ON THAT SLED FOR A LITTLE WHILE. I WANT TER MAKE THAT GAL JEALOUS—IT'LL BREAK HER HEART!"





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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UNCLE SAM got a pretty good price for his bonds, and had the satisfaction of finding that the demand for them was about six times greater than the supply. His wish was that he might be paid for them in gold obtained elsewhere than from the United States treasury. He has not provided very effectually for the fulfillment of this preference, but it is a comfort to know that, in spite of silver schemers, jingoes and Congressional cranks, our Uncle's credit is still pretty good. We are all invited now to hold on tight and await a sweeping revival of business prosperity. All right; we have a good hold; let her come! In however tempestuous a flood the good times may rush upon us we will endeavor to bear it. And we will try to be good also, and not offer to thrash any of the neighbors as long as they behave decently. All we want is prosperity enough to enable us to be conveniently and agreeably honest and virtuous, and to keep the children at a good school.

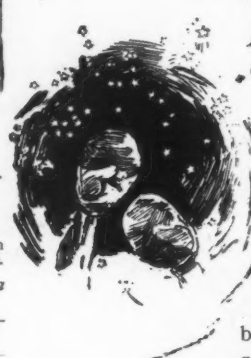
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MUCH interest was felt in the recent news from London that our fellow countryman, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, had cut off the heads of a number of the editors of his *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that he had grown tired of being responsible for the views of others. The *Gazette* was flippantly anti-American in its treatment of the recent clash between England and the United States, but it was supposed by many that its attitude was satisfactory to its owner. It was also rumored in the beginning that Mr. Astor did not like it, and it is now rather pleasant to have the rumor confirmed. The knowledge that Mr. Astor did not find it agreeable to maintain a newspaper in London which was flippantly antagonistic to the United States is likely to

breed pleasanter sentiments toward him in the minds of his well-wishers at home.

\* \* \*



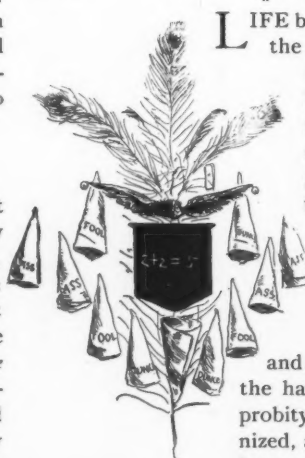
AN important difference of opinion has lately arisen between Charles William Eliot, of Harvard University, and Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, as to the work of women on the bulwarks of the commonwealth. Miss Anthony thinks they should vote on them; Dr. Eliot thinks not, and the disparity of sentiment has been intensified by Dr. Eliot's conviction that Miss Anthony has buttressed her position by misrepresenting his views. Dr. Eliot

also maintains that Miss Anthony declares that he is opposed to the employment of women teachers, which he affirms to be contrary to the fact. In earnest derogation of a violent issue LIFE begs respectfully to suggest arbitration as the manliest and most Christian method of settlement.

\* \* \*

THE city of Rome in New York State has been remarkably successful of late in getting its name in the newspapers. Its boy-brigands made an uncommonly bad railroad accident, and its defaulting bank-cashier made an unusually bad wreck of his bank. Rome seems to be full of vigor and enterprise. Life takes pleasure in recommending it as an inviting residence for adventurous spirits, and also as a tempting field for missionary labor.

\* \* \*



LIFE begs to offer its condolences to the New York *World* upon the difficult and laborious job it has undertaken of showing up Mr. Pierpont Morgan as a cheat and a chartered brigand. It must be a painful task to the *World*, for Mr.

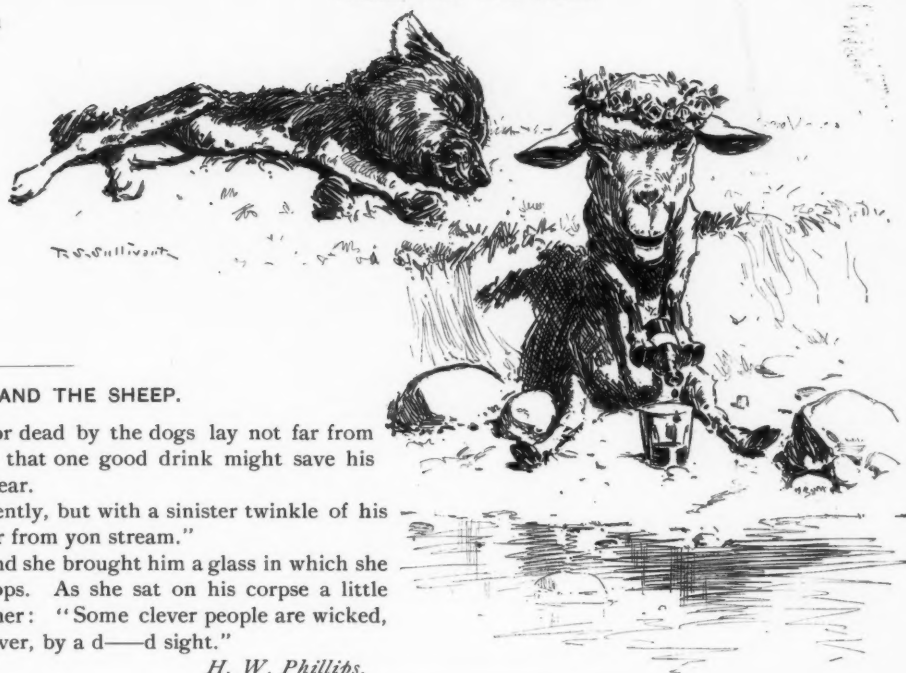
Morgan is greatly admired in this community and is looked upon as a pillar of sharp finance and one of the sure props of Church and State. What makes it all the harder is that the *World's* own probity is not universally recognized, and that uncharitable people keep attributing even its least objectionable achievements to selfish and unworthy motives. When a man's standing is as high and his reputation as serviceable as Mr. Morgan's, it is a big job to upset him, particularly when his rivals in business refuse to help. But of course the *World* will try hard and will let us know what progress it makes in its effort.



IN LEAP YEAR.

SWEETHEART, should you propose,  
I won't be captious quite;  
I won't turn up my nose,  
For that would not be right.  
  
I will not blush and say:  
"This is so sudden, dear,"  
I will not turn—nay, nay—  
To you a drumless ear.  
  
But, sweetheart, if you *should*  
This year your love confess,  
I'll promise to be good  
And meekly answer "Yes."

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE WOLF AND THE SHEEP.

A WOLF that had been left for dead by the dogs lay not far from a running brook. He felt that one good drink might save his life. Just then a sheep passed near.  
"Pray, sister," said he very gently, but with a sinister twinkle of his eye-teeth, "bring me some water from yon stream."  
"Certainly," said the sheep, and she brought him a glass in which she had poured a few knock-out drops. As she sat on his corpse a little later she moralized in this manner: "Some clever people are wicked, but all wicked people are not clever, by a d—d sight."

H. W. Phillips.

AN ANXIOUS CUSTOMER.

JOHN POTTS: Are you the medium who advertises to unite the separated?  
MEDIUM (proudly): I never fail.  
JOHN POTTS: I wish you would connect me with the \$100 I got separated from last night.



"YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM A COMPLICATION OF DISEASES, MR. STEIN, AT LEAST SIX."  
"HOW MUCH DISCOUNT YOU GIF ME ON HALF A DOZEN, DOCTOR?"

THE THEATRE-GOER'S DREAM.



THERE were two women with large hats sitting in front of the Inveterate Theatre-goer, and he had dined exceedingly well. His orchestra chair had not cost him anything, and the play being performed was one of those fashionable imported ones called a SOCIAL PROBLEM DRAMA. The apparent irrelevance of these facts can all be connected into one big reason why he fell asleep in the middle of the second act. And he dreamed.

In his dream the characters on the stage suddenly assumed perfectly natural attitudes, and talked in the ineffective manner of ordinary human beings.

The Wicked Fascinating man began the conversation. He walked L. and R. from force of habit. He wore an Inverness cape probably from the same reason, and his fingers were cramped into the position which the fingers assume while holding a cigarette.

"I would like a day in the country," said the Wicked Fascinating man, "or, anyhow, a day outside a drawing room. Since the British Dramatists started me in life—some years ago—I've lived in perpetual evening dress and in an atmosphere of gas. A white shirt bosom has become obnoxious to me. I've smoked cigarettes until I taste nothing but nicotine, satirized women until the whole sex satiate me with admiration, and I've been



CHANGING THE LABELS.

forced to be so devilishly wicked and blasé, that I'm ready to marry or live in Brooklyn."

"I propose that we change places for a while," suggested the tempted man, who during a run of one hundred nights had been resisting the Woman with a Past. "I have been out of town so much, you know. Strange, that we of the stage always have to go to Italy or Egypt to expiate our sins. I assure you I meet so many men in those places, who, like me, have run away from ladies with pasts that their society quite bores me."

"It is very stupid to exile you every time," remarked the Woman with a Past, "because you always have to come back to me when I die, and I always die. Next time you go to Egypt, take a return ticket. I'm getting tired of that bluff that you work off every night on me. It's so long, and has such a Sanford-and-Merton-Paul-and-Virginia tone about it. And all because I maintain that to make one's own heaven here is better than taking one's chances of one hereafter. Do you know that this is the one hundredth time that I've told the story of my past?"

"It has long become a chestnut to me," murmured the tempted man.

"Well," she continued, "I think when I have such an uncomfortable story to tell, I might at least have a comfortable sofa to tell it upon. These stage sofas are awfully lumpy. I don't see why I have to tell that story—any reporter would do it so much better. I am so tired of it."

"Heaven knows," said the tempted man, "that I am tired of it."

The Wicked Fascinating man, throwing off his Inverness cape and chucking his cigarette case into the audience, remarked that he also was tired of it.

And another voice, a very big voice, which the Inveterate Theatre-goer thinks was the voice of the public, said it was tired of "IT."

*Jessie M. Wood.*

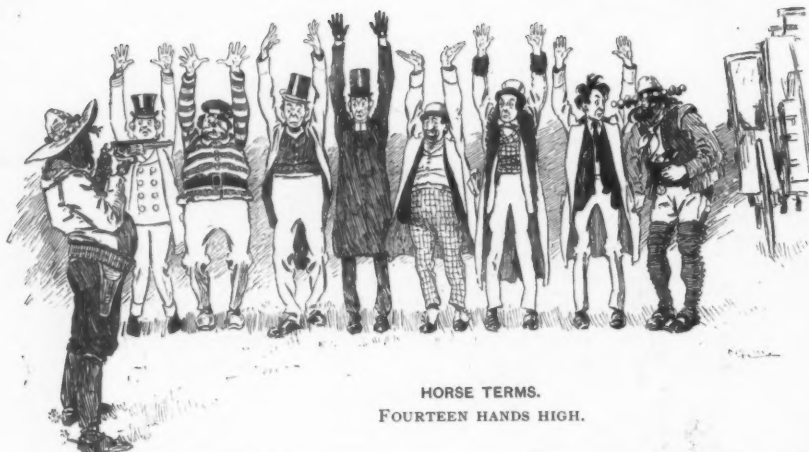
THERE can be no doubt that some dogs were once human beings—if the theory of evolution is correct.





"WHAT A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING MAN YOUR FATHER IS. HIS WHITE HAIR GIVE HIM SUCH AN ARISTOCRATIC LOOK."  
*The Dissipated Son*: YES, AND HE CAN THANK ME FOR IT.





HORSE TERMS.  
FOURTEEN HANDS HIGH.

### BOOKS

#### THE AVERAGE MAN'S SATISFACTION WITH HIMSELF.

THE death of Paul Verlaine has renewed discussion of degeneracy as an element in certain kinds of art. The abnormal quality in literary genius is dwelt upon by all sorts of uninformed writers looking around for a topic over which can be spread smatterings of scientific information got at second-hand. The whole discussion is outside the scope of this column; but it is curious that no writer has retorted on those assailing his craft that they are narrow and half-informed; that any great success is abnormal. The average well-balanced man who sees many sides of many questions and whom you consider the type of sanity is *not* a great success. The very balance of his faculties that you praise keeps him peacefully sailing along in the quiet sea in which he happens to be launched.

But a great financier, for instance, is never called a degenerate, and yet he is the most inscrutable of beings to the average man of well-balanced judgment among his associates. He succeeds by a certain combination of force and foresight, often mixed with unscrupulousness, that is a marvel to men who watch the game. If you talk with them about it they will say, Yes, he showed a great head in managing that affair, but he did so-and-so that no self-respecting man would stoop to, even for success.

In other words, the great financier, or merchant, or lawyer, or general, has a way of succeeding because he sees in all the world nothing of any moment except his particular undertaking. For the time being all laws bend to the game that he is playing. Now this is just as abnormal as the attitude of a certain kind of literary man or artist who ignores all laws but those he believes to be the laws of his art.

It looks as though you must be an average man if you want to be considered normal by the bulk of your fellow-men. All the same, it would be difficult to convince the truly great financier or general that he showed symptoms of insanity.

\* \* \*

LET any well-fed, well-housed and educated normal man read the recently published literary trifle by Stevenson and Henley—the melodramatic farce, "Macaire" (Stone & Kimball), and then in the comfort of his arm-chair let him try to imagine his own brain as evolving those few pages out of nothingness. It is difficult enough for what he calls his well-balanced faculties to follow the dozen characters through the printed pages, without summoning out of the dark action, scenery and dramatic climaxes. But there are plenty of men in the business of making plays who have done things as good as "Macaire," and far better for stage purposes.

No, my well-balanced, normal friend, you are not the biggest part of the world, though I am convinced that you are having the easiest and best time in it, and you represent the large majority. But the abnormal fellows are blazing the tracks in which your children will serenely and comfortably walk. Be a little charitable toward them, for their lot is often hard!

\* \* \*

THERE are many original things in the novelette by Eleanor Stuart, called "Stonepastures" (Appleton). The adjectives which first come to hand when you think about it are strength and reticence. It takes art to make a woman barber a dignified figure, and a big Swede, reduced by a blast to a blind and deaf misshapen hulk, heroic. Yet these are the people who have our sympathies and admiration. Moreover, it takes artistic reticence to keep the emotions from running away with the story in the dramatic situation that is evolved. The compact and vigorous



THIS IS HOW YOUNGHUSBAND'S FRIENDS KNOW THAT HIS WIFE MAKES THE BREAD HERSELF.

style, which has the marks upon it of intelligent care and choice of words, has made real the furnace town and the rude people who do its work. The minor characters, no matter how lightly sketched, stand alone; and the dramatic conclusion is skilfully and picturesquely managed.

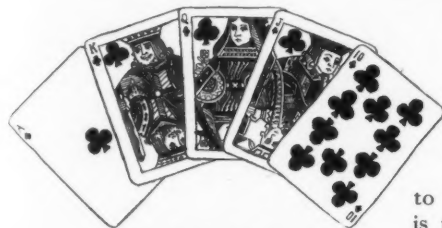
It is a pleasure to find an American story by a new writer that stands alone without squinting at some French or English fashion in fiction.

*Droch.*

NECESSITY may know no law, but in its administrative duties it is never accused of incompetence.



A FEBRUARY HOLD UP.



THE FLUSH OF VICTORY.

#### ANOTHER DISCOVERY!

WE understand that the world is indebted to a Washington physician for the information that "the knowledge of how to prevent typhoid fever is the result of vivisection."

This is in perfect harmony with many other statements emanating from vivisectioners.

But typhoid fever, we notice, is as rampant as ever.

Perhaps the increase of typhoid in certain localities is a punishment from the Creator for not torturing more animals to death.

#### A WESTERN APPLICATION.

A LADY, moving in the supposedly exclusive circle of a Western town, lying under the shadows of the Rockies, was much distressed at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States Senator, and asked him what he understood was meant by the term "the smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an example. In the eastern part of Colorado and in the western part of Nebraska there is a large tract of land known as the 'Rain Belt.' It never rains there."

BEWARE of the man who loves everybody, because he has to spread his affection on mighty thin in order to make it go 'round.



CARLWINGATE

"THIS A WOMEN'S EXCHANGE? WELL, I'D LIKE TO SWAP MY WIFE FOR ONE THAT AIN'T LOST ALL HER TEETH AND AIN'T SO EVERLASTIN'LY CANTANKEROUS."



WAR WOULD HAVE IT'S  
IF LIFE COULD SELECT THE FIRST BO





D HAVE IT'S COMPENSATIONS  
ET THE, FIRST BOAT-LOAD TO MEET THE ENEMY.



*"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."*

#### THE NEW PRISONER.

EXCELLENT testimony to the literary value of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" is the fact that in its dramatic form it seems to be absolutely independent of its interpreters. Of course in the hands of incompetent actors its romance would become ridiculous, but its second advent at the Lyceum Theatre shows that it is the story and not the players that makes the piece.

In these days this is high praise, indeed, for a literary work. Better than that, it is a valid argument against the commercial element which tries to make canons for the literature of the stage.

In its dramatic form, "The Prisoner of Zenda" does not vary materially from the skeleton story and the character drawing of the book. It calls for no great scenic effort, there are no spectacular accessions, there is little in the play that is sensational. It takes simply the plot of the writer and the characters he has created, and puts them into the graphic depiction of the stage. It is done about as well by one set of actors as by another. That is, the story and its people hold the attention of the auditor without the adventitious assistance of the nerve-exciting aids which most managers seem to think

necessary to attract the gullible part of the public. "The Prisoner of Zenda" goes on its literary merits. It is the story and its characters—the creations of the literary man—which make the stage success. No skirt dancers, no trained animals, no performer with only the approbation of London or Paris as capital seem essential to its effect. The work of the book's author tells, and that makes the success of the play. All the rest are simply the media for the expression of his conceptions. Every one in so successful a production as this has been, both in the hands of Mr. Sothorn's company and of the Lyceum company, deserves a measure of credit, but the author of the book is the real creator of the play's success.

A comparison of this cast with Mr. Sothorn's, except at extreme length, would be unjust to the performers in both. As a general proposition it may be stated safely that the present rendering of the play by the actors of the Lyceum company is more uniform and dignified than it might have been expected to be, considering that America is largely afflicted by tramps who live on free lunches. Much deserved credit has been given and a good deal of undeserved condemnation has fortunately been withheld.

The general proposition is that the melodrama at the Lyceum is a good, natural play, well produced, and it deserves to be commended from one end of the theatrical world to the other because it is artistic, popular, and, strange as it may seem, clean and wholesome.

There's a lesson for stage writers in the duplicated success of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Are they wise enough to heed it?

*Metcalfe.*

#### A MATTER OF NATURAL HISTORY.

FLYNT: What's the matter, old fellow?

STEELE (coughing): Got a frog in my throat.

FLYNT (sympathetically): Take some water.

STEELE: You can't drown out a frog with water.

#### A FRANK ADMISSION.

MRS. JONES: No. I couldn't give you anything. It is too plain that you are a drinking man.

THE TRAMP: True, Madam, I don't deny it, but I'm trying to save up enough to take the gold cure.



COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF THREE-FOURTHS OF OUR NEW YORK THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

#### NO COMPARISON.

"DON'T you think the atmosphere in our theatres is vile?"

"Yes, but purer than on the stage."

THAT lack of hair is the sign of brains is proved by the bald-headed man in the front row—he makes sure of seeing the play.



BEFORE TAKING.



AFTER TAKING.



ANGLO-AMERICAN VIGNETTES.

*Introducing a new mechanical process by which the familiar creations of two widely different schools of illustration are forced to meet and exchange views.*



HIS LAST RESORT.

"THIS story of yours," said the publisher to the author, "I am afraid we can't do anything with. It lacks every essential feature of a successful book. We can make you no offer for it, nor would I advise you to have it published at your own expense, for I do not think you would be able to sell half a dozen copies."

"Well," replied the author, as he took the manuscript back, "in that case I shall have to dramatize it."

NOT HERS.

LITTLE GIRL (to Teacher, who has relieved her of her chewing gum): Please, Teacher, may I have my gum, it belongs to my mother?

*Lady Gushington (born Du Maurier):* So you are an AMERICAN. OH (patronisingly), BUT WE ENGLISH THINK YOU AMERICANS ARE such fun! DO TELL ME, NOW, WHAT IS YOUR GREAT AMERICAN JOKE, YOU KNOW?  
*Mr. A. La Gibson:* IT IS THE JOKE WHOSE POINT AN ENGLISHMAN NEVER GETS.

Del. Sciss.





"As a wife, the college girl is hard to beat."

The man with the hollow voice glanced over his shoulder and laughed nervously.

"True," he rejoined, with a palpable effort to be gay. "A friend of mine tried to beat one who was his wife, and she threw him into the coal bin. Yes."

There were not lacking those to boldly suggest that the man's friend was none other than himself.—*Detroit Tribune*.

It is said that the Hon. Samuel Galloway of Columbus, Ohio, was one of the plainest men ever known in the State. He told many stories relative to his own personal ugliness of face with great good humor.

One which he often related with much relish was that of the remark made by the little daughter of a friend in another city with whom he was dining.

"Mamma," he heard the child say, in an awe-struck whisper, after a prolonged survey of the peculiar features of the guest, "that gentleman's mamma must have loved children mighty well."

"Why so, my dear?" inquired the unsuspecting parent.

"Oh," returned the child in the same audible whisper, "cause she raised him!"—*Youth's Companion*.

"ANY amusement in this town to-night?" asked the stranger.

"I reckon there's goin' to be a lecture," replied the grocery man. "I've been sellin' eggs all day."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

THEY have been printing recently some of Henry Labouchere's experiences as a diplomat in the United States. He was, as you will remember, an attache of the British Legation in Washington once upon a time. One day, they tell us, Labouchere was sitting in his office, when a rather noisy individual came in and asked to see the minister.

"You can't see him. He's gone out. You must see me."

"I don't want to see you. I want to see the boss of the ranch," said the noisy individual.

"All right," replied Labouchere, going on with his writing. "Take a chair."

The visitor sat and waited for an hour. Then, with several picturesque extracts from profane history, he inquired how long the boss would be out.

"I should think about six weeks," replied Labouchere, carelessly. "You see, he has just sailed for England."

—*Washington Post*.

It was her first visit to the city, and she was naturally much interested in everything she saw.

"Still, I wouldn't live here for the world," she said.

"Wouldn't live here!" exclaimed her city friend.

"No, indeed, I wouldn't."

"But think of the theatres and the opera!"

"Very nice, of course," admitted the country girl,

"and I would like to come to the city and see and hear them, but I wouldn't live here, just the same."

"Think of the big stores and the facilities for shopping!" persisted the city girl.



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

**REGENERATION.** A Reply to Max Nordau. With Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler.

*Renaissance Fancies and Studies.* By Vernon Lee. The Union College Practical Lectures. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.

"I have."

"And the social gaiety!"

"It's all very enjoyable, but I'd rather live in the country."

"But we have more of the comforts and luxuries of life, more of everything that makes life worth living."

The country girl shook her head.

"You lack the best thing of all," she said decidedly.

"I don't see how you ever get married."

"Married! I don't understand you," returned the city girl.

"Where do you do your courting?" asked the country girl. "I don't believe I have seen a front gate to swing on during the whole time I have been here."

—*Chicago Post*.

A STORY is told of a parson who had had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city. He asked time for prayer and consideration. He did not feel sure of his light. A month passed. Finally someone met his youngest son in the street. "How is it, Josiah," said his neighbor; "is your father going to B——?" "Well," answered the youngster, judiciously, "paw is still prayin' for light, but most of the things is packed."

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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"Well; has she changed?"  
"Oh, yes! Now she is divinely tall."  
—*Tit Bits*.

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The Ideal **HOTEL** of America is the **VENDOME** on the Back Bay Boulevard, BOSTON Commonwealth Ave. **C. H. GREENLEAF & Co.**

THE Parisian wits are reviving an old story about the wonderful cure from deafness of a patient who was recommended to go and hear "Lohengrin," and to sit near the orchestra, by the trombones. The doctor accompanied his patient and sat beside him. All of a sudden, while the noise of the instruments was at its loudest, the deaf man found he could hear. "Doctor," he almost shrieked, "I can hear." The doctor took no notice. "I tell you, doctor," repeated the man, in ecstasy, "you have saved me. I have recovered my hearing." Still the doctor was silent. He had become deaf himself.—*Argonaut*.

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A YOUNG society belle of Winchester told one of her gentlemen callers a few evenings since that her health had greatly improved since taking Delsarte. He wisely asked:

"Do you take it internally or rub it on?"—*Paris Republican*.

"I'm not going to let this paper be caught in any more libel suits if I know it, by George!" exclaimed the city editor of *The Morning Sensation*, running his eye rapidly over a page of copy that lay on his desk.

And he inserted a word so that the sentence read: "Cain, the alleged murderer of Abel," etc.—*Chicago Tribune*.

MISS DOROTHY W. of Winthrop, aged two years, and with a younger rival near the maternal throne, was found in silent and perilous intimacy with the parlor bric-a-brac.

"What are you doing, Dorothy?" demanded her mother.

"I'm all right," responded the young woman, "you go and take care of your baby."—*Lewiston Journal*.

D. L. MOODY, the evangelist, told a story in Philadelphia the other day about his life before his conversion, when a boy of seventeen. He said that while he was a pretty bad boy in his unregenerate days, deep in the follies and errors of the world, he never broke so far away from his early religious training as to forget to say his prayers every night. "I used to sleep with my brother," he said, "and if either one of us happened to jump into bed without first getting on his knees the other would swear at him vigorously and kick him out on the floor."

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# TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

## A LONG LIFE.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS has come and gone, leaving a trail of epigrams behind her. Most of these are characteristically spiced with malice, and one may serve as a specimen of all the rest. It is related that at the theatre one night someone pointed out to Mrs. Craigie a lady in the opposite box as being a well-known American novelist, who, like Mrs. Craigie herself, writes over a masculine *nom de guerre*. Some details were added as to her intense and vivid nature. "Why," said the informant, "the other day someone asked her whether she had decided how she would prefer to die; and she answered that she had long ago made up her mind on that point. Said that she had decided to be kissed to death!"

Mrs. Craigie put up her lorgnette and took a long look at the lady. "Ah, I see," she said, after a short inspection; "she evidently intends to be immortal!"—*Bookman*.

AT a card party in the Northwest a few evenings ago a cross-eyed man was posing as the man who knew it all, giving his positive opinions on every subject in a loud voice, and otherwise making himself a general nuisance. A Boston girl was particularly annoyed at the lordly air he assumed and the attacks he had made on some of her pet theories. She made up her mind to bowl him over if she ever got a chance.

It came sooner than expected. A few minutes later she was the partner of the cross-eyed man, who immediately proceeded to give elaborate instructions as to how certain cards should be played to insure them the game. He finished by saying: "Now, go ahead, Miss Back Bay, and remember I have my eye on you." She never looked up, but in the most innocent way imaginable, said: "Which eye, Mr. Jones?"—*Washington Post*.

"Do you wish to go up, ma'am?" asked the elevator boy of the little woman who had been standing round for a quarter of an hour and evidently posting herself on how things worked.

"Any danger?" she queried.

"Not the slightest."

"Kin I git out if I feel faint?"

"Oh, yes. Didn't you ever ride in an elevator?"

"Never."

"Well, come along."

She said she'd take a little more time to think about it, and when he had made two more trips she braced up and walked into the cage with the remark:

"Wall, I might as well be killed as to have Enos bluffin' around as he has fur the last two weeks. Let 'er go, sonny!"

She sat down and closed her eyes and shut her teeth hard and scarcely moved a finger until she was landed on the ground floor again.

"Anything wrong with this?" asked the boy, as she got out.

"Is this all there is to it?"

"This is all, ma'am."

"I've bin clear to the top floor and got down again, hev I?"

"Yes'm. You didn't expect to be killed, did you?"

"Say, boy!" she whispered as she retied her bonnet strings and set her jaw, "my man Enos cum to town a few days ago and rid in an elevator. When he got home he told me that his hair stood up, shivers went over him, and both suspenders busted afore he got to the top. He's bin steppin' high and bluffin' around and crowin' over me till I couldn't stand it no longer. I've bin here. I've rid in an elevator. I haven't busted a shoe-string nor lost a button, and whin I git home Enos will cum off the pedestal and quit bluffin' or a woman about my size don't know what she's talkin' about."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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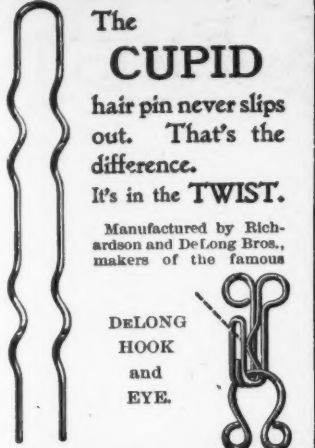
HOW TO! Take three dessert spoonfuls to USE IT. a cup of boiling water or milk. Stir briskly a moment, and your Chocolate is ready to serve. Put up in 1 lb. and 3/4 lb. tins. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Sole Mfrs., Philadelphia.



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have evolved this note:

"Miss — presents her compliments to Miss —, and begs to say that she has an umbrella which isn't  
mine, so if you have one that isn't hers, no doubt they are the ones."—*Youth's Companion*.

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A LITTLE negro gamin passing along Bay street yesterday morning saw a stump of a cigar fall on the sidewalk in front of a store. He made a second-base slide for it, and when he had it safely corralled beneath him he rolled his eyes around the points of the compass to see if another gamin had also seen the stump fall.

"Dat war in Cuba is making Havan's skace, an' you can't take no chances," he remarked, as he brushed off the ash and blew away the sand and dirt from the coveted snipe. Going into the store, he said to Charley Ellis:

"Boss, gimme a match, please, sah?"

"Matches are not here to give away, but to sell," said Mr. Ellis, assuming a look of intense severity.

"Dey is, eh?"

"That's what they are."

"Well, how much is dey er box?"

"One cent."

The gamin tilted the stump in one corner of his mouth, held to the band of his pantaloons with one hand, ran the other hand in his pocket and pulled forth a copper.

"Gimme a box." And he laid down a cent.

He got the box, struck a match, lit the stump so well that it poured forth volumes of smoke, and then handing the box back to Mr. Ellis, assumed a look of intense severity, and said:

"Put dat box on de sheff, an' de nex' time a gemman come in hyar an' ax you for a match, you gin him one outen my box."—*Florida Times-Union*.

If Jameson had known that Laureate Austin would write such a poem about his ride he would have walked.—*Boston Courier*.

"GENTLEMEN, I hate to hear men talk of war as lightly as you do," said the man next to the door in the street car. "You don't seem to realize what a dreadful thing war is."

"You have seen war?" queried one of the two who had been discussing affairs.

"Aye! I have that, and I don't want any more of it. War means destruction, devastation, wounds, death and debt. If you had seen war as I have seen it, I'm sure you would regard it more seriously."

"Were you wounded?"

"Not exactly wounded, but at the first battle of Bull Run I had to abandon a sutler's outfit worth over \$2,000. Yes, lost over \$2,000 at one clip!"

"Then you were not a soldier?" was asked.

"Not exactly a soldier in the ranks, but I kept as near them as possible that they might refresh themselves from my stock. Again at the battle of Antietam, when our patriots moved forward with cheers to crush the enemy, I lost three horses belonging to my outfit and was at least \$600 out of pocket. Even Gen. McClellan himself did not lose \$10 in cash by that fight."

"That was hard on a patriot!" sarcastically observed one of the men.

"It was, sir, but I had to stand it. Why, how much do you think I lost down at White House Landing when McClellan made his change of base? I had three sutler outfits there, and all were captured or destroyed, and my loss wasn't a cent less than \$8,000. Think of a man losing \$8,000 at one fell swoop! If I hadn't found a patriotic Congressman willing to go into partnership with me I should have been a ruined man. Principle is all right, but let us avoid war if possible. You have heard of the battle of Gettysburg, of course."

"Oh, yes."

"At that battle I offered to lead a brigade in a charge, but Gen. Meade thought I had better attend to my five sutler outfits. I had the wagons all up, with fresh stocks of goods, and I have been told that but for my enterprise our tired and hungry soldiers would have been beaten. They left the battle lines to come and buy of me at fifty per cent. profit and recuperate themselves. I am a believer in the Monroe doctrine, and I admire the stand taken by the President, but war should be the last resort. I've been there and I know, and while I admit that it is a pleasure to sell goods out of a wagon at from 50 to 500 per cent. profit, the shrieks of the wounded, the pale faces of the dead, and the wails of the widow and orphan go right to my heart and make me hope that peace will endure forever!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

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